



# A Debt Discharged

By Edgar Wallace  
Ward, Lock & Co., Limited  
London, Melbourne and Toronto

(Continued)

The most important clue was an envelope addressed to the man at the Palace hotel. It bore the London postmark, and was a very ordinary envelope, oblong in shape, and the address was written in a clear hand.

Gold turned to the Frenchman.

"You are watching the hotel premises?" he said.

The other nodded.

"I don't think there will be much of a result," Gold said. "The modus operandi is invariably the same. The forged notes are sent in small quantities in such an envelope as this to an agent. A reasonable time is given him to dispose of the forgeries. He retains a portion of the profits to headquarters, which is not necessarily the same place from whence the forged bills come, and then, as I say, after a reasonable interval, another small batch is sent to him."

"And you think," asked the Frenchman, "that we may expect a further supply of notes to arrive at the hotel?"

"No, I don't," he said. "In the first place, every agent of the gang is watched by another agent unknown to him. The second agent is as well paid as the first. By this time the forger knows that Schriener has been arrested. You need not expect any further consignment."

Gold took up the envelope containing the forged American bills and again subjected one of them to a close scrutiny.

"Beautifully done," he said. He looked at it back and front. Something attracted his attention, and he peered earnestly at one corner of the bill.

"Excuse me," he said quickly, taking the note to the window.

Paris lay under grey skies and the light was bad. But he saw running from one side of the bill to another a curious line. It was printed in the same mauve ink which formed the background of the note, and was to all appearances part of the design.

"I want a strong light and a reading glass," he said, sharply.

The chief of the detective force switched on a powerful electric light over his desk and pulled down the shade till it nearly reached the table below. From his drawer he produced a powerful magnifying glass and handed it to Gold. The American detective spread the note on the desk, and holding it in its place, examined it.

They heard a whistle, saw the color mount to his cheeks, and his eyes blazed with excitement.

"Look," he said.

The Frenchman took the glass from him and uttered an exclamation, for the line was writing of minute smallness engraved with extraordinary cunning and it ran:

"Verity Maple, 942, Crystal Palace Road, London, note numbers 687642 to 687653 mill."

They looked at each other, the two men.

"What does it mean?" asked the Frenchman, bewildered.

Gold was staring out of the window. He made no reply. He was repeating the message of the bill.

"There is one person in the world who can elucidate that message," he said, "she must be found."

"But who wrote it?" asked the chief of the police.

"Who else but Tom Maple?" Gold answered. "I think we are going to discover things."

CHAPTER XVI.

The House Party at Collett's Folly. Between Cambridge and Waltham Cross there are three cross roads. One is the main road into Cambridge; the other carries the traveller to Newmarket and beyond; the third is of

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little account, being but a wandering wagon track which winds and twists southwards. Of so little account is it that those responsible for the trailler's guidance have not deemed it necessary to put a board informing the curious as to wither this shabby road leads.

Locally it is chiefly remarkable as an evidence of old Collett's Folly—such is the name it bears. Collett had been an eccentric farmer until he died, he carried his eccentricity to the bordering of genius; might have made his name famous throughout agricultural England as a pioneer of scientific farming, but for a kink which kept him short of his goal, if goal indeed he had. This kink manifested itself in expensive forms, and eventually old Collett had died, a ruined man, but supremely happy with the result of his life's experiment. Like many another man who has earned title to fame, his reforms were in the main outrages; whatever other farmers did he regarded ipso facto as wrong, and set about to secure a like result by methods which were directly opposite.

It is fact that sixty per cent of old-fashioned methods cannot be improved, twenty-five per cent are susceptible to variation, and the remainder are altogether wrong. Old Collett, applying the principle that the whole hundred per cent demanded a drastic and immediate reform, came to grief.

He left behind him a hundred acres of sick land, a farmhouse which he had built according to his own plans, a mile long private road, and a weary executor overwhelmed with posthumous instructions. That unhappy man might have found relief through the Courts of Chancery, but he preferred the illegal and simpler methods of interpreting the dead man's wishes; and disposed of the farmhouse to the first bidder. To his surprise, the offer which came to him was a singularly handsome one. Somebody had protected the neighborhood, had discovered in the farmhouse and its grounds something that fulfilled his requirements, and had bought the estate, toll, stock and barrel.

Describing the purchaser, Mr. Hitzell, the executor, spoke of him as a pleasant American who had taken a fancy to the farmhouse, and was going to turn it into a weekend resort.

He did not intend to farm, so he told Mr. Hazlett, but he had the house put into a thorough state of repair, repainted and furnished.

It would not be every man's idea of a weekend cottage; it was certainly not that of the executor's. The house was too gloomy, too thick of wall, too suggestive of a prison. From the outside it was a model of ugliness, possessed of all the unattractive features, while geometrical windows at regular intervals, had a door like that of a jail, and to complete the illusion, all the windows were barred. It was certainly less unattractive inside. The living room ran from floor to roof; there was a gallery round for there had been an organ there—the eccentric farmer had been something of a musician. The principle and only bedroom intended as such, was on the ground floor.

There was a strong room upstairs, beyond the reach of thieves, with its steel caged walls. It was approached from the bedroom by means of a ladder, for of stairway there was none.

The American purchaser would seem to have been satisfied with this arrangement; certainly he had made no attempt to build a stairway. The camp only dates from the Crimean war. The plain of Curragh was often the scene of hostile engagements between early Irish kings, and it is St. Bridget who is credited with having received a grant of the district from the king of Leinster and with having turned it into a common. The young men of Kildare are often jokingly described as "the boys of the short grass" in allusion to the herbage of the district of Curragh.—Westminster Gazette.

When Prince Victor of Hohenlohe-Langenburg was serving as a midshipman his vessel touched at a port where there was an English garrison and the commanding officer came on board. He asked the captain whether there was not a Prince related to Queen Victoria among his officers. "Ought I to call him 'Your Highness' or 'Your Serene Highness?'" he inquired.

"Please yourself," said the captain, "we always call 'em 'Sausage,' because he's a German."

Wilson-Barrett used to tell an amusing story against himself. At a time when he had a lot of workmen redecorating a private residence thinking to give them a treat, he asked if, after work one evening, they would like to have seats to go and see him play in "The Lights of London" at the Princess theatre.

They said they did, and being complimentary tickets, all went on a Saturday night to see their employer's performance.

At the end of the week Barrett's eye caught sight of this item against some workmen's name on the pay-sheet.

"Saturday night, four hours overtime at Princess Theatre, eight shillings."

Minister (to whom Johnny has imparted the important and cheerful information that his father had got a set of false teeth)—And what will he do with the old set?

Johnny—Oh, I suppose they'll cut 'em down an' make me wear 'em.—Fenny Magazine.

Appreciated

A patronizing young lord was seated opposite a famous scientist at a dinner one evening not long ago. During a lull in the conversation he adjusted his monocle, and leaned towards the scholar.

"Aw, y' know, Mr. Jones," he drawled. "I passed your house this mawning."

"Thank you," said Jones. "Thank you very much."—Harper's Magazine.

Greater Than Edison

"Who is that man who is being cheered by the crowd?" asked the stranger.

"That is John Smith," replied the bystander.

"What did he ever do?" asked the stranger.

"He invented the noiseless phonograph," replied the bystander.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Comparative Values

A German peasant had just lost his faithful cow. His wife became so grieved over the loss that her heart was broken, and she, too, died. Scarce was she buried when one of the neighbors came and offered his daughter, another his sister, and a third his niece, for a wife, whereupon the farmer remarked:

"Well, I can easily see that it is better to lose a wife than a cow in this town. As soon as my wife is dead a choice of half a dozen wives is offered me, and when my cow died, they didn't offer me a single one."

The Only Way

Mrs. Pankhurst as the "Majestic" sailed from New York, talked to a reporter about the comparative deceitfulness of men and women.

"Women," said the reporter, "are the more deceitful."

"No," said Mrs. Pankhurst, "men are the worse. Look at the way they deceive their wives."

"Do you claim," the reporter asked, "that men should never deceive their wives?"

They talked together in low tones, though the custodian of Collett's Folly said little save to answer laconically the questions which were put to him.

He was a small man, with a bushy grey beard and shaggy eyebrows which almost hid the keen eyes that glanced from one to the other with quick, almost birdlike, rapidity.

(To be Continued)

## GOING OFF THE HANDLE

Don't Try to Buy Potatoes at the Cigar Store

The apoplectic little man pounded the counter.

"I never dealt here before, and I'll never deal here again!" he shouted. "I'll try once more. Have you any tomatoes?"

"No, sir," replied the clerk.

"What? Not even in cans?"

"Not even in bottles."

The apoplectic little man crushed his hat down further on his head and consulted the list in his hand.

"Have you any potatoes? Think carefully now."

"Not a potato in the place," said the clerk apologetically.

"Ye gods! Well, I'll see the end of this. Have you any sugar?"

"Not a grain, sir. Sorry, sir."

The apoplectic little man sat down on a stool and let his fist flutter to the floor.

"And you call this a grocery store?"

"I said 'auntainingly.'

"No, sir," cooed the clerk mildly.

"This is a cigar store."

The apoplectic little man rolled off the stool in a fit.—Indianapolis Star.

## In Store

The regular ironbone player of a Scottish orchestra was laid up with a cold, and the conductor reluctantly accepted the services of a brass band amateur. He was a little doubtful, however, as to the suitability of his substitute.

After the first performance the new player asked the conductor how he had done.

The conductor replied that he had done pretty fairly, but that perhaps he would do better next night.

The newcomer, eying him gratefully, answered:

"Man, ye see the music is a strange fae me the night, an' I'm no' list shair o' yet, but you wait till the mornin' nicht, an' ye'll no hear aue o' thae fiddles at a'!"—Weekly Telegraph.

## The Plain of Curragh

The Curragh (a plain in the county of Kildare, Ireland) is a stretch of open ground of about 4,800 acres and serves the twin purposes of a large military camp and a race course, and in latter capacity it has a reputation extending as far back as the first century, A.D., at which period, if records may be accepted, chariot races were a diversion which the people of the time permitted themselves. The camp only dates from the Crimean war.

The plain of Curragh was often the scene of hostile engagements between early Irish kings, and it is St. Bridget who is credited with having received a grant of the district from the king of Leinster and with having turned it into a common.

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"Ought I to call him 'Your Highness' or 'Your Serene Highness?'" he inquired.

"Now, isn't that splendid? Here is the mother. Here is the young child. There's Egypt in the distance."

The children, however, looked disappointed, and finally a little boy piped out:

"Teacher, wher's the sea?"—Tit-Bits.

"I want a pair of button shoes for my wife."

"This way, sir. What kind do you want, sir?"

"Doesn't matter, just so they don't button in the back."—Philadelphia Public Ledger.

She—Tis, true that I have broken the engagement and that I still have your ring; but do you know why I retain that ring?

He (ruefully)—On the principle that to the victor belongs the spoils, I suppose.

They said they did, and being complimentary tickets, all went on a Saturday night to see their employer's performance.

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THURSDAY, JULY 16, 1914

Advocates of growing alfalfa with the assistance of  
irrigation are very happy just now. Many have already  
put a bumper first crop and are now busy with the water  
preparing for a second. The difference between irrigated  
and non-irrigated alfalfa is very marked this year.

Gleichen's Seventh Annual Exhibition promises to  
prove one of the most successful yet held here. All of the  
directors and the managers of the various classes are now  
doing their utmost to make their departments better than  
ever before and fully expect that the entries this year will  
far exceed past records. Next issue the CALL hopes to be  
able to publish the prize list which is now compiled and  
for which the secretary already has numerous applications.

Mrs. Alberta Hen Troubles.

The LaCocque Globe is an advocate of high duty on  
eggs, and is very much afraid that eggs from China is the  
cause of our farmers getting low prices for Mrs. Hen's products  
in Alberta. Now, what's the matter with the Globe  
devising some method whereby Mrs. Alberta Hen could  
print the date on which she produces each egg. That  
surely would put the kibosh on Mrs. China Hen. Come  
to think of it Mrs. Alberta Hen might help solve the great  
"yellow peril" problem, to say nothing of protection.

Western Canada Irrigation Convention.

The Western Canada Irrigation Association will  
hold its eighth annual convention at Penticton, B.C., from  
August 17th to 19th. The official call has been issued and  
the convention promises to be the most successful and  
interesting yet held by the association. There will be speakers  
of prominence present from all parts of Canada and  
from different points in the United States. Already a  
number have been selected to represent this district and  
it appears Alberta will be well represented.

British Subjects Rejected.

For six weeks a ship-load of Hindus, British subjects,  
some of them veterans of British wars, have been  
knocking at the doors at the coast asking admission to our  
country. We have refused their admission. We do not  
want them. We do not believe that they are adapted for  
a country with a climate somewhat rigorous. We want to  
keep this country a white country. They are objectionable,  
according to our standards. Canada has no delight  
inturning British subjects away from its doors, but it is a  
duty and it must be done—Calgary Albertan.

Qualifications for an Orangeman.

Sunday, July 12th, was the great day among the  
members of the Orange Order and although there are a  
few members in this district there was no celebration of  
the anniversary of the battle of the Boyne in Gleichen.  
A few years ago an attempt was made here to form a lodge  
of the order but it was finally abandoned.

By request of a local member of the order appended  
is given the essential qualifications for membership into  
the Orange order, and providing the precepts are lived up to  
the members of the order should certainly prove good  
citizens:

"An application for admission should have a sincere  
love and veneration for his Almighty Maker, productive of  
those lively and happy fruits—righteousness and obedience  
to His commands; a firm and steadfast faith in the  
Saviour of the world, convinced that He is the only mediator  
between a sinful creature and an offended Creator.  
His disposition should be humane and compassionate, and  
his behavior kind and conciliatory; he should be an enemy  
to savage brutality and every species of un-Christian conduct;  
a lover of rational and improving society, faithfully  
regarding the Protestant religion, and sincerely desirous of  
propagating its precepts, i.e., charity and goodwill to all  
men. Zealous in promoting the honor, happiness and  
prosperity of his king and country; heartily desirous of  
success in these pursuits, yet convinced that God alone can  
grant them. He should have a hatred of cursing and of  
swearing and of taking the name of God in vain; he should  
use all opportunities of discouraging them among his  
brethren, and shun the society of all persons addicted to  
these shameful practices. Prudence should guide all his  
actions; temperance, sobriety and honesty direct his  
conduct; and the laudable objects of the association be the  
motives of his endeavors."

## ON THE MOVE

The problem now employing our attention is how  
to make the mucky days of July keep up our usual  
rapid business pace.

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special inducements in the way of creating an appetite  
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will occupy and improve it. The terms of sale are now one-twentieth cash and the balance spread  
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